

ROMANCE IN A TRUCK GARDEN



1.—Sentimental Youth—(tragically)—Let this be the test. She loves me.



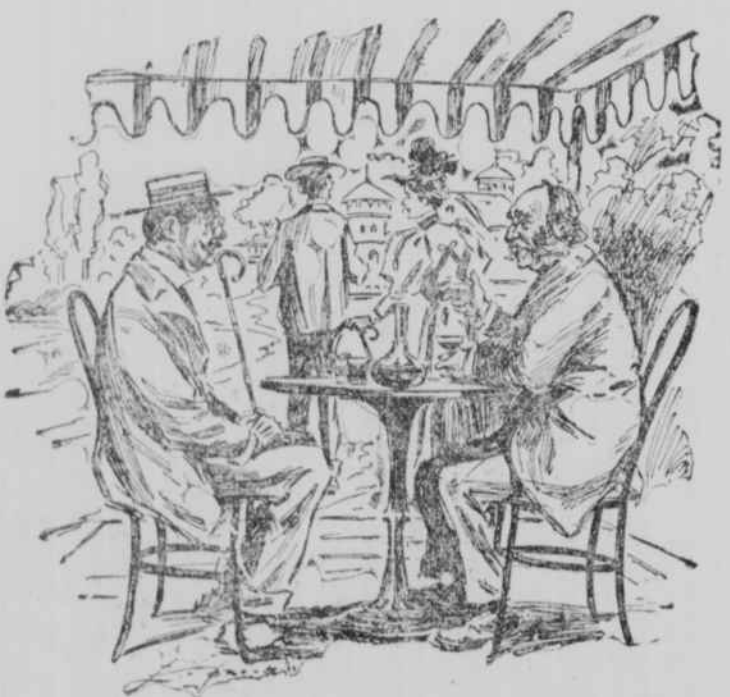
2.—She loves me not.



3.—She lo-o-ves me. She loves me.



4.—Mrs. McFint—(wielding the broom)—There now, let me ever ketch you again pullin' up my cabbage heads.



OPTICAL DELUSION.

Bing—Mrs. Hammond brags about keeping her boarders so long.
Bange—She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they really are.



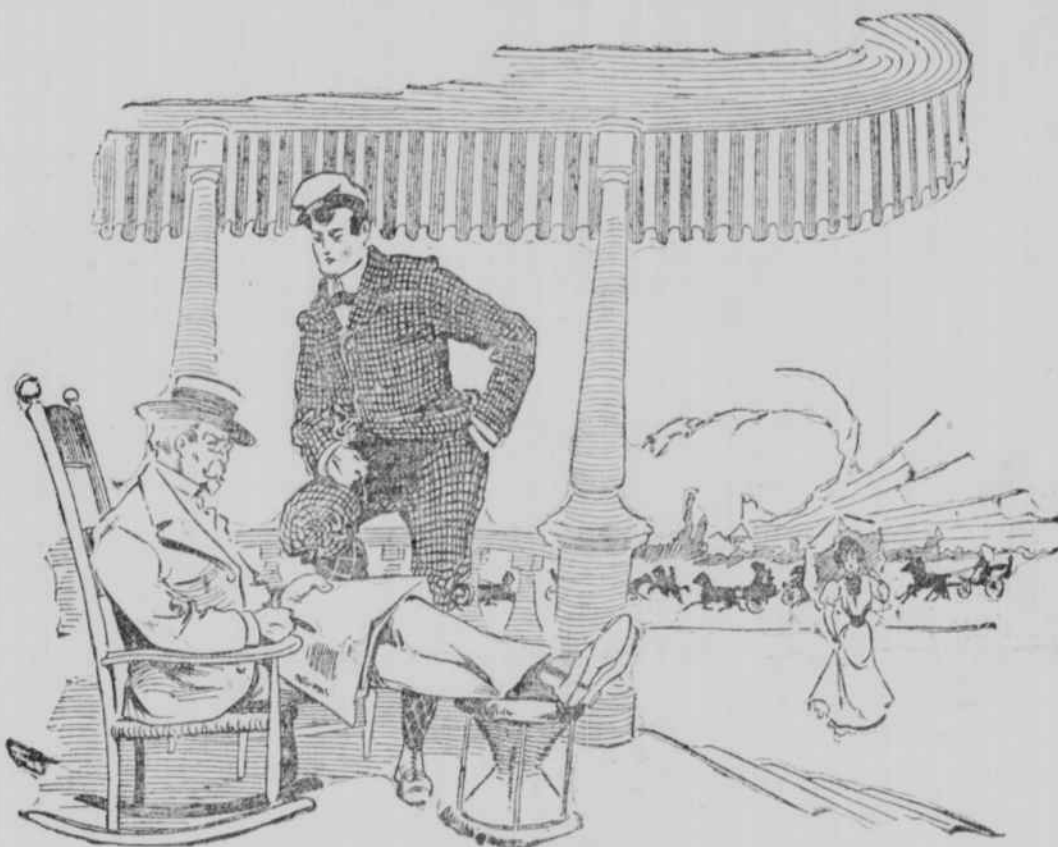
HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN.

He—My dear, you forgot to put the nut crackers on the table.
She—Why there are no nuts.
He—No, but there are biscuits.

LONG-SIGHTED.



"They say she married her ice man. I wonder what ever possessed her to do that?"
"Wanted to keep her money in the family, I suppose."



GET HER OUT.

Fond Lover—Mr. Gotrox, your daughter is the apple of my eye.
Her Father—Young man, you'd better consult an oculist.



DESCRIPTIVE TERMS.

Mr. Lodgenight—The heat was insufferable. I could scarcely get a wink of sleep with tossing and turning in bed till almost morning.
Mrs. Lodgenight—I noticed your restlessness but never mistrusted it was the heat. You kept muttering something about a "cold deck" and being "trouze out."



"I was taken for a wax figure yesterday in the museum."
"Was it in the chamber of horrors?"



ALL CRY AN DNO WOOL.
He growled about the income tax,
To all that dared to hear,
And said it was the worst law known,
Upon the hemisphere.

He growled at noon, he growled at night,
And all admired his gall,
Because the whole town knew that he
Had no income at all.

BECOMING ACCLIMATED.

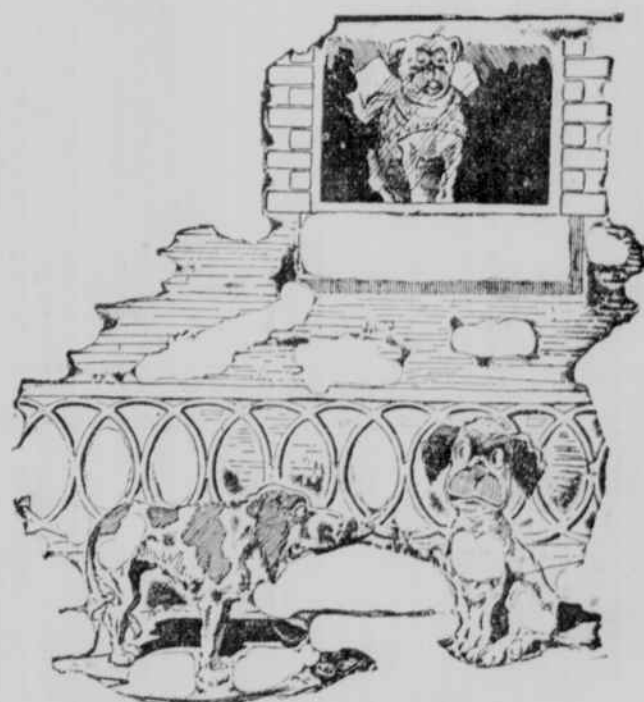


Biddy—Sure Mike and phwat he yez doin' in th' ice chist?
Mike—O intend to go to th' Alaska a old mines and it's gittin' used to the temperature O am.



DIDN'T STICK TO THE LAST.

Ballots—How did you come to cut your leg off?
Colonel Bluegrass—Well, you know I was nominated for governor on the farmer's ticket and did it while tryin' to cut grass in the field when the notification committee appeared.



AWAY WITH SUCH LUXURY.

Fido—Say, Jack, wouldn't yer like ter be like dat den dog in der window an' sit on a silk cushin all day an' eat chicken?
Jack—And be kessed by an old maid every t'ree minutes like he is? Naw!



ARTIC AMENITIES.

"You don't cut much ice around here!"
"Oh, I don't know. You ain't so warm."